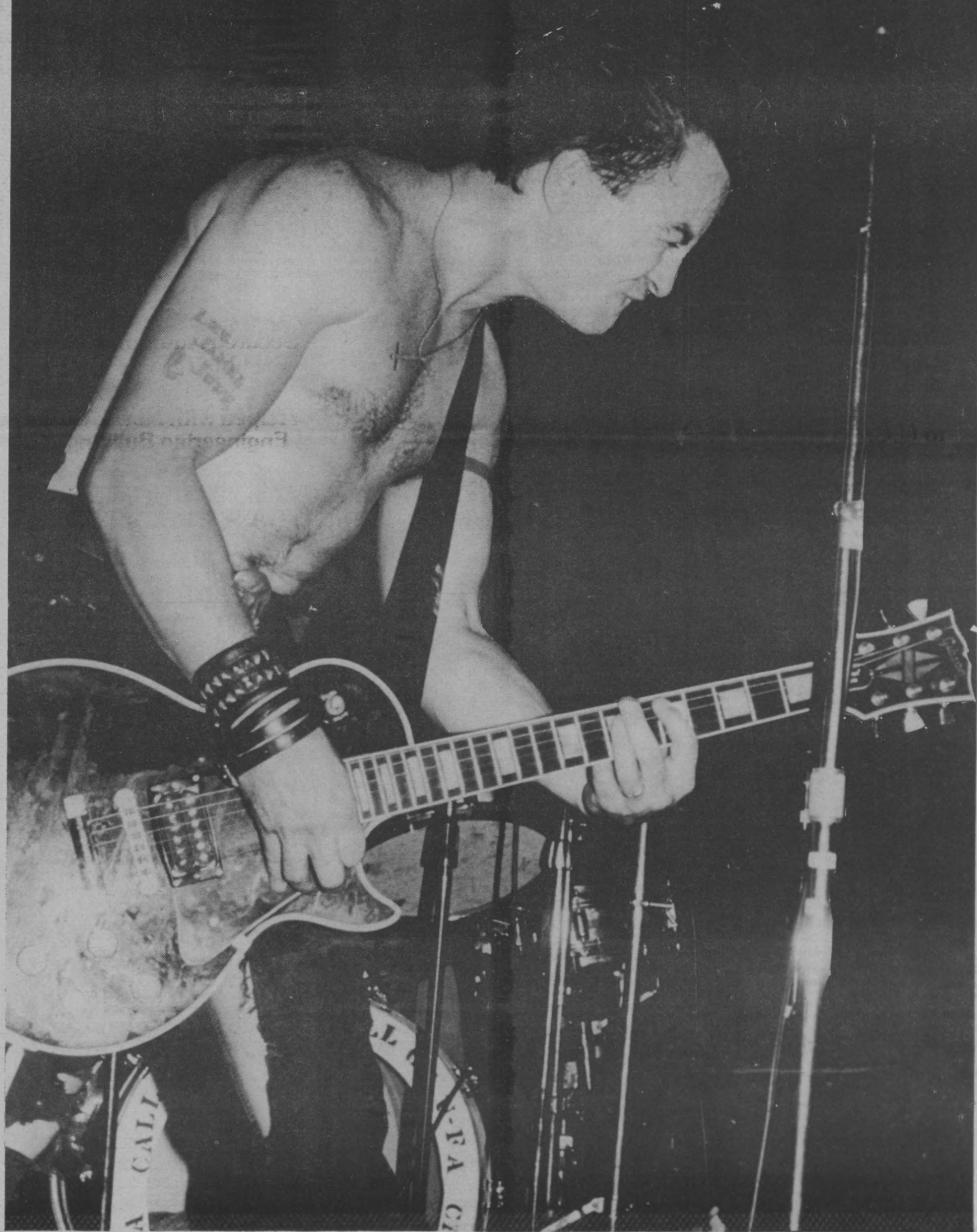


ARTS

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'Class of 1984' a Cinematic Mess

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

It took three writers to assemble a cinematic mess called *Class of 1984*, a nightmarish, gritty, violent and utterly absurd film by Mark Lester that is noteworthy only for its air of hopelessness and impending doom and damnation. Considering that it took so

many persons of dubious talent to construct this monster, one has to wonder what the original story by Tom Holland was all about.

Simplistic and offensive, the film's plot runs like a bad case of Montezuma's revenge, savagely cascading through one badly acted and timed scene into another with no sense of artistic

responsibility, let alone sensitivity.

Lester, Holland and John Saxton apparently felt it was time to take a hard, long look at the American school system by the light of con-tempo-punk Americana. Their verdict is that the new generation is degenerating into a vile cesspool of hoodlums and harlots.

And who is to blame? The World War II baby boom generation is as good a guess as anyone could offer, for the film seems intent to examine in caricature the typical divorcee/widow who is angry and frustrated, clad with Gloria Vanderbilt's denim and terribly over-made up like a Lower East

Side trollop. Mom could only rear a nihilistic rebel bent on both societal and personal destruction as he wreaks havoc across not only a high school but an entire city. This seventeen-year-old has already to his credit such preposterous and poorly managed careers as dope peddler, pimp, and assassin squad leader.

Timothy Van Patten portrays Lincoln High's juvenile gang leader with tediously mannered affectations, like the good-looking jock who, at those crass and pseudo-precocious high school booze parties such a part of the bad high school experience, thinks he's terribly witty and mature by maintaining a haughty, thoroughly put-out attitude and attempting to be the life of the party by treating everyone to truly awful impersonations of James Dean and Marlon Brando.

Van Patten has his moments, but not many. He's still play-acting, which may very well be a reflection of Lester's leaden direction and puffy writing. Lester turns Van Patten into a repellantly attractive, brilliantly stupid anti-hero, boyishly manipulative and sharply satiric. Lester treats him as a glorified icon by dressing him in the latest silk fall-off-the-shoulder shirts and having him portentously breathe, "I am the future," to a camera focused in a pore-searchingly close-up. Ultimately, Van Patten's thug character is neither

sinister nor sexy, merely emotionally disengaging. Are we supposed to care about the fate of the hordes of misguided, emotionally starved youths of today and tomorrow?

Lester pounds his point into the ground about the perils of upper middle class youth stagnation and their moral derailment, but his prophecy is without adequate substantiation or resolution. In one incredibly contrived scene, a straight-laced freshman student goes against his friend's advice and buys some angel dust from Van Patten and company in order to get through his burdensome study load. Tripped out a half hour later, the boy climbs to the top of the schoolyard flag pole and yells that he can fly, only to tumble to his death with the American flag clutched in his hand.

The hero of the film (Perry King), a music teacher imported from the sticks of Nebraska, is rendered ineffectual by virtue of his bureaucratic entanglements and personal outrage; he could have saved the kid, but he was too concerned about sending Van Patten to the principal on an indictment of having dust in the john. While King finds an empty baggy in the urinal, he completely overlooks the twitching, sweating boy standing right in front of his nose.

King is only effective at the close of the film when he resorts to extreme violence, along the lines of "it takes

fire to fight fire." Reason and intelligence have failed, as has the old altruistic second and third chances. All that is left is might and spite.

The fulsome gang rapes and pillages, pushes and punches to stay alive and dominant in a school where mohawked and multi-color haired punkers desecrate halls and classrooms. Fights and assaults have become so bad and so commonplace that all students are routinely screened for weapons as they enter the building and it is not unusual for a teacher to pack a .32 in his brief case. Group superiority is everything, and Van Patten leads his idiots on a rampage of terrorist activities that includes the bloody slaughter of the biologist's (Roddy McDowall) lab animals (dead bunnies are not funny), the firebombing of King's new sedan and the near rape and murder of his dippy wife.


Played with lots of heaving, grunting, strained gasping, Van Patten's antithesis, King, systematically eliminates the bad apples in a series of cliched killings. The hysterical kid gets burnt alive (and we are treated to a close-up of his charred face), the chain-swinging punk is thrown spine down onto a rip saw, the petulant lesbian gets her head smashed in a car crash, and Van Patten meets his end in a symbolic and literal hanging.

(Please turn to pg.11A, col.5)

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Comical and Clever 'Ritz'

By ANN MARCUS

The curtain parts at the Victoria Street Theatre, and you find yourself at the notorious — neon lights and all — bathhouse, *The Ritz*. At first you think it is a regular, run-of-the-mill bathhouse, but sorry, that's a mistake. As the play progresses, you realize that the customers — all male — have a certain way about them, a certain sexual way about them. Have you guessed yet? It's a gay bathhouse. *The Ritz* is being presented by J.H. Productions and runs through Oct. 30.

The scene is set for continuous "checking out," ass shaking, and eye turning fun. There is even a chubby chaser and an orgy caller, well-represented by actors Phil Lopez and Michael Lewis.

The main story, written by Terence McNally, is one of intrigue and suspense spiced up with slapstick comedy. There's a detective impersonating a gay, who in fact has a cleverly thought-of attribute that makes him all the more believable. The hero, Proclo, is a straight-laced, middle-aged fat man marked for death by his Mafia relatives. So, what better place to hide than in a gay bathhouse? As it turns out, almost anywhere would have been better.

A hilarious series of confused identities, plot scheming, mixed-up chases, and out of the ordinary confrontations ensue as the plot thickens. The story line is livened up by comical production numbers, including an extremely well done female impersonation act. While all this is going on, there is a confused Puerto Rican bathhouse singer named Googie Gomez who latches onto anyone who will make her a real woman or further her questionable singing career.

Overall, the play is very enjoyable, although it does drag on at times and probably could stand to be a little shorter. However, the acting and dancing, both directed by Michael J. Quijada, is superb. The music, along with much of the dialogue, is cleverly placed in appropriate situations. It's hilarious! I recommend that you see *The Ritz* during its performance run.

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Non-Distinctive S.B. Symphony

By KATHERINE D. ZIMBERT

The Santa Barbara Symphony Orchestra opened its 1982-83 season last weekend at the Arlington Theatre with featured guest artist Leonard Pennario. The program consisted of the Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1 by Edward Elgar, Piano Concerto No. 3 by Sergei Prokofiev, and the Symphonie Fantastique by Hector Berlioz.

It is impossible to listen to Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance March without thinking of a graduation ceremony. The piece has long ago taken its place in the ranks of classical warhorses, and is so familiar that it would be a challenge to any orchestra to make it sound fresh.

The orchestra, under the director of Frank Collura, met the challenge Sunday with an even-tempered, slowly sweeping pace. With great resolve, they plodded through the famous graduation theme, and burst into the finale with an explosion of brass and timpani.

After this relatively short work, orchestra members left the stage to make room for the piano which rolled in rather quickly, though a

more appropriate time for this might have been at intermission. Though it certainly was not as good as it could have been, the Prokofiev was the best part of Sunday's performance, thanks to pianist Pennario. Too bad the talents of this fine pianist were not used to conclude the program.

The third piano concerto of Prokofiev is a spiky work which is made all the more sharp by its sudden changes from soft and haunting melodies to explosive stabs of piano. It is a moody, rambling work which has bursts of passion and ferocity interwoven throughout its three movements.

Pennario maintained a remarkable calm during the performance which was all the more commendable because he had much more to contend with besides the taxing Prokofiev. While Pennario glided through the piano concerto seemingly without effort, the orchestra vacillated between gliding and bouncing through the music's rocky terrain.

Not only was the timing between Pennario and the orchestra off, but the different sections of the orchestra had trouble con-

necting as well. When distinctions between the separate instrument sections should have been heard, the orchestra meshed together, hiding the spiky moments in the music behind an ambiguous swell of sound. When the orchestra was supposed to blend into a solid ensemble, the strings were overpowered by the woodwinds, which were often overpowered by the brass, and the result was clearly not a whole, but an uneven piecing together of separate parts.

Despite the orchestral imbalance, Pennario created shimmering sounds as his hands gracefully floated across the keys. During the parts in the first movement which can only be described as piano "take-offs," he glided over the keys turning Prokofiev's pointed explosions into smooth, mellifluous peaks. Some of the jagged quality was lost due to Pennario's gentle, controlled touch, but he succeeded in creating a crispness that was relative to the quieter moments in the work.

During the last movement, the string sections strengthened and the orchestra began to function as

a whole. Pennario performed magnificent feats of grace as he sailed across the keyboard with the back of his hand. Gently but precisely, every note was pronounced as the work came to a contained but smashing close.

For an encore, Pennario performed first the Franz Liszt transcription of a dedication by Schumann, and then a lively work by American composer Louis Moreau Gottschalk, called "Banjo." In both works, Pennario displayed extreme agility. The first piece was a tender and romantic ballad that lent itself beautifully to the pianist's gentle touch. In "Banjo," Pennario created the equivalent of a twangy banjo with his left hand on the bass notes while his right hand danced over the high notes bringing forth an almost ragtime melody. Even during this bouncy work, he maintained his gliding control though the sounds that emerged were appropriately robust.

If only the concert had ended after Pennario left the stage; unfortunately it did not. After the intermission, the orchestra took up the Symphonie Fantastique, (Please turn to pg.11A, col.1)

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Waverly Consort

By SCOTT BROWN

The Waverly Concert began the Arts and Lectures Early and Baroque Concert Series with an outstandingly authentic presentation of Spanish music from the 12th through the 18th centuries last Thursday night. Besides being very carefully researched and presented, the show was a perfect example of professionalism in performance.

The group has always been identified with realistic duplication in its presentation, from the unusual instruments played and timely clothing worn by the ensemble to the musical scores and styles of arrangements employed in the selections performed. This particular concert was a selection of early and Baroque Spanish music, rare works by such writers as King Alphonso X of the 13th century. The pieces ranged from early and Renaissance sacred works to Sephardic songs, traditional songs of Spanish Jews exiled in 1492.

The reconstruction of lost music was the key to the evening. While the instruments used by the four instrumentalists appeared to be somewhat crude and simplistic, from them issued surprisingly clear and separate tones and wonderfully complex melodies. The ease with which they played seemed very inconsistent with the appearance they presented.

The vocalists were as equally skilled in controlling their voices. One special quality of the singing was the absence of vibrato. This was another very subtle step toward the goal of authenticity, as the singers of the earlier music did not use vibrato in their vocals. What results is the pure, unwavering beauty of a perfectly sung note, flawlessly executed and woven into the score to produce a truly hypnotizing effect upon the listener. Julianne Baird demonstrated just how well-behaved her voice is when she took off on the only solo piece in the program, "Como la Rosa de las Guerta." The angelic expression with which she

(Please turn to pg.11A, col.2)

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Jinxed

Midler Marvelous in Mediocre Movie

By JONATHAN ALBURGER

Witty, sassy, brassy, campy, she is every inch a feline creature. She struts across the screen like a cat on a hot tin roof, knowing full well her audience is won over by her tight pelvic motions and quick, deliberate footwork. She seems always a little off balance — attractively so — and she invites her fans to dare to want to be there to catch her when she falls. It's pretense, but it is the kind that's becoming of the southern belle or the sweetly affected damsel who feigns distress.

She will, of course, never really fall. Her determination is iron-cast, an extension of her physical presence. She knows how and when to use her womanly charms; the "brick shithouse" cliché seems to fit aptly. She coos seductively and purrs disarmingly, and with her I've-been-around vocal raspiness, she vamps her prey with a tramp's tease. She has the timing of Carole Lombard, the sashay of Mae West, the intensity of Lana Turner. And, of course, she has the crude charm of Sophie Tucker.

She's divine. Everybody needs a little Bette Midler in them — for that's all anyone else could handle.

Musically, Midler established her style with her redefinition of that boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B.

And dramatically, theatrically, she has proven that film is as successfully conquerable an art form as is the stage. Her career was launched on Broadway when she appeared in *Fiddler On The Roof*. She graduated with honors per-



forming a series of one-woman shows. She's paid her bills with her albums. And she earned wide respect from the most varied of audiences with her electrifying, dizzying portrayal of a singer on the decline in *The Rose*. She appears to be indefatigable.

When it was announced that she was to make a third film, following the international success of *Rose* and the intervening concert film, *Divine Madness*, it was wondered what vehicle could possibly be a suitable follow-up to the huge, thunderous impression made by *The Rose*. Midler needs projects which cater to her highly individualized, mannered approach to comedy. She can supply the dramatic lift vital to any good film, but she also must guard against absolute annihilation of others by the fallout from her atomic personality. Inevitably, Midler is the strength of the show. The show is hers. She is the show.

Jinxed is a case in point. From the moment rumors started flying — about her "artistic" and "personality" differences on the film set with cast and crew — it looked like another Barbra Streisand and *Funny Girl* scenario. Only Gunther Williams, with whip in tow, would have the nerve to attend through the ferocious circus that media painted *Jinxed* to be. Co-star Rip Torn praised lavishly her talent and dedication, while her leading man, Ken Wahl, was quoted as saying it took all the concentration as an actor and strength as a man to just get up some mornings and work with her. Midler the meticulous; Bette the bitch. Whatever the interpretation, she is something of a relentless perfectionist, reworking, rewriting, rehearsing, over and over. Many say she is her own harshest critic, going through unending rounds of frustration and self-laceration.

But making a film is a soberingly expensive endeavor, and time is, well, money. Supposedly, director Don Siegel at times became furious with Midler, calling her peurile and petulant, claiming she was holding up the process and decaying the morale of others. He often sought arbitration to settle disagreements, but became resentful that United Artist backed its star unreservedly.

Had stardom gone to Midler's head? She claimed not. She merely and genuinely wanted to do the very best that she could for the picture and for her career.

Now, months later and altercations away, *Jinxed* surfaces. It is, in keeping with my thesis, almost entirely Bette Midler's show. She knocks everyone else off the screen. She makes the movie work. This is not to say that she is a loner, hopelessly egocentric. No. She is responsive and interactive, genuine and vulnerable. Midler is wonderful. *Jinxed*, however, is mediocre.

Superstitions exist so that people with bad luck can have something to believe in — and avoid. In Las Vegas, the worst thing that can happen to a blackjack dealer is to be jinxed. Once in a while, that lucky sonovabitch comes into a casino, has a lucky streak, and carts off a small fortune. The dealer with whom this happens is usually asked by the management to "take a break." This may be either temporarily or, in the case of Willie (Ken Wahl), permanently. Willie contracts his jinx in the human form of Harold (Rip Torn), a liquor-swilling, woman-abusing honky-tonker who follows Willie from city to city, casino to casino. Word spreads fast about Harold's black mark, which means he can usually only play a deck or two of blackjack before retiring poor Willie.

Harold is Bonita's (Midler) old man. Bonita does jigs as a performer in various cities. Her real ambition is to be a big-time lounge singer. Midler, traipsing her way through the film in one tacky outfit after another, microphone in hand, is wonderful. Her character is precisely defined, if it is glaringly herself.

The plot, a combination of a *The Postman Always Rings Twice* murder mystery and an *Only Game In Town* romantic comedy, is playfully engaging, hardly demanding. Scenarists Bert Blessing and David Newman demonstrate a good ear and eye for the amusing situation and the quirky character, but they give *The Star* every great line. As visual as she is verbal, Midler has a field day, and so does the audience.

Who else but Midler could create such a classic film moment as when she stumbles through an old ghost town, in hot pursuit of the final clue to the riddling bequest from Harold, clad in her black mourning dress and set wobbling by a pair of four-inch spike heels. Frightened, hyperactivated, dirtied and bruised, Midler exudes a powerfully unconventional sex appeal and oddly endearing vulnerability.

This scene is followed by her ascension into frame, on a casino escalator, with her hair perfectly coiffed and her gown regally sluttish. The bequest is the jinx, and if she sticks close to Willie, she can't lose. She moves in for the kill. Midler, of course, gets her man.

Torn is amusing, Wahl is handsome, Midler is magnificent. *Jinxed* is harmless fluff. Trust me.

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Monsignor: Boring Guilt

By PETER LEFEVRE
Will all who think that Christopher Reeve is the virtual personification of all that is good, courageous and American please raise your hand?

Six...17...14,003... Fine, fine. I used to think so too. Then I thought of what has occurred in his last three films. In *Superman II*, the man of steel slept with a woman for the first time. In Reeve's next film, *Deathtrap*, he played a homosexual killer. Now, in his latest release, *Monsignor*, Father Flaherty (Reeve) gets drunk, lies, uses false identities, goes into business with the mafia, kills a number of people and sleeps with a nun. Where is Kate Smith when we need her?

Monsignor, brought to you by the same people who brought you *Mommy Dearest*, is a good example of how boring guilt can actually get to be. The theme of body versus spirit is a familiar one and has been used in a myriad of other films, plays and television shows. Corruption is a popular topic in Hollywood. Still, to utilize the powerful dramatic force behind that notion, one must have a sufficiently believable situation in which to work, and dynamic characters to experience the tension created. Dramatic conflict must be fully explored in its effect it has on the characters' lives. The

problem with *Monsignor* is that it plays like a *Reader's Digest* version of someone's entire life, highlighting every important incident and not examining any particular one with insight.

Reeve wears a remarkably lifelike spiritual glaze over his eyes, but it does little to hide the obvious

dialogue. Serious confrontations do arise, but infrequently. He acts before reasoning out consequences and his impetuosity drives the plot unsteadily from one shocking deed to the next. The surprise value of the film wore out on me after the newly ordained Father Flaherty, who has

nun. What lines she does have lack bite. The scene in which she recognizes Reeve as a priest in a ceremony at the Vatican provided another in a series of outbursts of laughter in the audience I was with. She notices him in his priest's garb as she is walking in line coming back from a blessing by the Pope. She freezes and stares at Reeve. Gasp! No! Oh, shame and woe! And meanwhile, the line of nuns behind her is stacking up in a crowd, all of them too polite to push her along. There was no dialogue in the scene, but an accusing pointed finger and a startled "You?!" would have fit right in.

Jason Miller, the younger priest in *The Exorcist*, plays a mafia don. He doesn't fare as poorly as Reeve or Bujold though. He carries himself well. He has an austere dignity and subdued cruelty that almost make one forget the plot devices that put him there to begin with. Miller is not helped by two thugs in pinstriped suits and fedoras. In the remake they should be given violin cases.

In the movie's defense, the cinematography is beautiful. The splendor of the Vatican interior and the Italian countryside are beautiful images, but the central downfall of the film is its descent into the valley of the incredulous and confusing plots. Dashiell Hammett would have been proud.



deficiencies in plot. The story seems contrived to provide the maximum amount of spiritual conflict within the smallest amount of time, as if the writers were told, "You have two hours. Make Flaherty suffer as much as you can."

A problem with the spiritual conflict in this film is that it draws most of the conflict into the psychology of Flaherty and removes the possibility of resolving conflict with meaningful

spent the last few years studying holy books, is asked to dance at a wedding he has presided over and performs a charleston swing so well that one wonders if his particular order worships St. Misha, patron saint of choreographers.

Few performers emerge unscathed. Genevieve Bujold as Reeve's lover is little more than an arbitrary plot device and an opportunity for the producers to show frontal nudity with a

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The New York-based modern dance company, Harry, dance and other works by Senta Driver, opens Arts & Lectures' Dance Series Saturday, Oct. 30 at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. In residence on the UCSB campus Oct. 28-30, the company will also present a free lecture-demonstration Friday, Oct. 29 at 4 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Series

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Driver's works are characterized by zany humor, sensual physicality and powerful, athletic choreography — the lifting in one of her dances may more often be done by the women than the men, dancers dance "en pointe"

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Fear Concert

Punk Rock Triumph in Goleta

By PHIL HEIPLE
 Punk rock is not for everyone. It makes no attempt to redeem itself in the eyes of its critics. It doesn't even attempt to get by on its musical qualities for those who like it. Rather, it is meant to be abrasive and hard to swallow. It deliberately pushes people away and establishes a wide gulf between those who can handle it and those who cannot.

Last Friday's concert featuring Fear and three other bands at the Goleta Valley Community Center indicated that punk is alive and kicking. Over 300 people showed up for the all-punk venue. And although Halloween is this weekend, there was a festive, carnival-like atmosphere established by the appearance of the concert-goers alone. Most of them were adherents of a punk subculture so extreme and de-evolved that it is called "hardcore" to distinguish it from those milder punk types who wear wash-away hair dyes and take out their safety pins when they go home.

Indeed, most of the concert-goers bore long-lasting symbols of their identities as hardcore punks. There were plenty of mohawks and skinheads, as well as those shaved bald except for a short stubble spelling out the initials of their favorite bands. Tattoos, usually crudely-drawn and homemade, were also in abundance. And a few could be observed with their hands and inner arms marked with the scarred rubble of self-administered cigarette burns, called "germ holes." Of course there were a few, like myself, who only sported fatigues and spiked wristlets, and who draw the line against self-mutilation after a modest earring or two.

The music was exciting. Dr. Know from Oxnard, referred to by punks as "Crashnard", opened the show. There is an extensive punk subculture in Oxnard with a peculiar philosophy all its own. Dr. Know is one of the looser, more garage-sounding of the Oxnard bands, but it gets by rather well on the novelty of its lead singer Brandon Cruz, whose

claim to fame is having starred as "Eddie" in the TV series *The Courtship of Eddie's Father*. Proving that children of broken homes grow up bad, especially those whose fathers go on to

Machine" is a song finding fault with knocking oneself out all day long doing robot-like work just to make somebody else rich.

During an equipment failure, Aggression's

writhing about the edge of the dance area, crushing the people standing there like a human juggernaut. Of course no one tries to slam-dance without knowing how, and no one is anywhere near



Punks siam-waltz Photos courtesy of Black Peter.

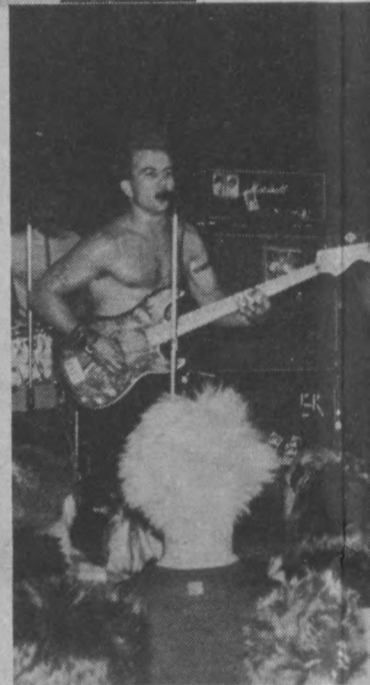
become hulking green monsters, Cruz is now a highly respected member of the Oxnard punk community.

The concert hall was just beginning to fill up when Dr. Know left the stage. They were replaced by another Oxnard band, Aggression, who played fast straight-ahead punk rock that got much of the teeming horde crashing into one another in a furious slam-dance. A few others scrambled onto the stage where they were immediately met by huge, beefy bouncers and hurled from the stage. But frenzied fans persisted, and members of Aggression beat the bouncers back with their instruments and shouted at them to leave the people alone. Indeed, they were not getting up there to stay, but rather to skank a few yards and then back-flip off the stage into the audience.

Aggression's music is fairly typical of the hardcore bands. "Dear John Letter" is a song expressing a perennial dissatisfaction with romance. "Intense Energy" is about the joys of skateboarding. "Locals Only" is an Oxnard punk anthem. And "Money

bassist, an ugly skinhead called "Big Bob," took the microphone to the edge of the stage and asked people if they knew any good jokes. A drooling mohawkhead volunteered the question: "How come niggers smell?" Big Bob winced, but left the mike out for the answer: "Cuz they got noses, too." (I'd like to point out that this item should be cataloged as an "anti-nigger" joke. There are a lot of young blacks at punk gigs, and no punk is afraid to address the realities of race and racism.)

The place was fairly full by the time the next band, Channel Three, took the stage. A popular L.A. band, Channel Three has just released an LP, *Fear of Life*, which offers a curious mix of hard rock styles like Motorhead with the two-fourths hardcore punk sound. Their performance presented the same mix and the dancers responded accordingly, slam-dancing and back-flipping off the stage during the fast songs and slowing down to the other tunes, improvising a sort of slam-waltz. A slam-waltz is four to a dozen punks interlocking arms and



Fan back-flips into crowd

the dance area unless they are willing to get bumped and to bump back. There's also plenty of room to dance mildly or just stand and watch in the rear of the hall. One of Channel Three's songs, "Strength in Numbers," offers some insights into punk social psychology: *My insecurity leads me to dress like this. Hang out here. Put this music in your ear. Individuality, so frightening*

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KXXN: A New Vision in Radio

By CINDY ROTOLO

A new vision of radio is about to materialize in Santa Barbara. No longer will we be forced to listen to the stifling, strictly programmed radio now available on the airwaves.

KXXN 1290 AM, formerly an automated country and western station, is about to drastically change its format to a significantly more progressive style. The station is currently featuring top 40, sixties and mellow rock recordings.

According to Program Director Jim Trapp, the new version of KXXN will be a loose, changing formula, and will not stick to any restrictive programming format. Trapp and his staff plan to play new as well as old music. The D.J.s will not be restricted in their choice of cuts to a playlist, top 40 or trade listings. The tunes KXXN will offer will be from the sixties and seventies as well as the eighties, featuring such performers as the Seeds, Smokey Robinson, the Eagles, Elvis Costello, Blondie and the Cars.

Most of the music that will be heard on KXXN will be from personal stashes owned by the staff. Trapp describes his station as "putting talented individuals together and letting them go." The staff is mostly working for the pleasure of their job at KXXN. Most have worked on other, more regimented stations, such as KTYD, and desire a change and a challenge. According to Trapp, "Those of us who have survived the onslaught of the seventies look to AM radio as a real alternative."

When FM radio began to make waves during the sixties and offered relatively more innovative music than what could be found on the AM dial, it was interesting, exciting, even provocative. Trapp and his staff are now attempting to revitalize AM radio by utilizing their progressive roots attained through working on FM. They are allowing their creative potential to surface on the AM airwaves in order to counteract the increasingly conservative trend of FM radio and its KISS (Keep It Simple Stupid) mentality.

David Hefferman, KXXN's public affairs director, hopes to create a station that is concerned with community relations. Between music, there will be public service announcements and in-depth public affairs reports relevant to the Santa Barbara area.

The station will be directed toward the 25-34 year old audience, which has turned its back on AM radio, is sick of the stagnation of FM, and is now willing to turn back to the AM dial to hear a fresh, new approach to radio presentation. Trapp envisions KXXN as an outlet for the creative D.J. starving for the invigorating environment of a loosely structured station.

Music Director Zeb Norris is responsible for the integration of the music for KXXN. He will keep track of the station's own hits, not limited to the top 40 or other stations' playlists. In Norris' definition of pop, he includes "Rock the Casbah," by the Clash, because it is a good pop song.

Jim Morales, a native Santa Barbaran, is the midday announcer and production director. He is responsible for producing the commercials on KXXN.

Radio ratings designate Gerry De Witt's "Sixties Revisited" show, which was first heard on KTYD FM, as the single most popular show on Santa Barbara radio. De Witt is now on KXXN where he upholds his reputation as the D.J. who brings the sixties back to the listening audience. "Sixties Revisited" can be heard on Sunday mornings from 9 a.m. to 12 noon. This is the same time KTYD offers the show, but, according to Trapp, "our show is the original."

In terms of news on KXXN, the station will not stick to the superficial "newsak" typically aired. The format of Trapp's news programs will be more magazine-like than the traditional style of presenting news on commercial radio.

KXXN AM will only operate from 6 a.m. to sunset until the Federal Communications Commission approves 24-hour broadcasting for the station.

For listeners who are ready for a refreshing change in programming, tune to KXXN 1290 AM for a new adventure in listening pleasure.

Galtieri and Sharon, who stretches Ving's vocals from a growling bass to a bluesy baritone:

- There's so many of us.
- There's so many of us.
- There's so many of us.
- There's so many of us.
- Let's have a war.
- So you can die.
- Let's have a war.
- We can all use the money.
- Let's have a war.
- We need the space.
- (chorus)
- Let's have a war.
- Jack up the Dow Jones.
- Let's have a war.
- It can star your new children.
- Let's have a war.
- Blame the middle class.
- Let's have a war.
- We're like rats in our cage.

Lee Ving (real name: Lee James Jude, if one is to believe his tattoos) is so lovable as he tosses off brazen one-liners and exchanges spit with the audience that it is hard to believe that he actually manages to offend some people. Punk rock only in-

the crowd. Despite the somewhat manic effect of Channel 33, people were well warmed up for the main event, Fear. The pinnacle of the punk bands, Fear's claims to fame are legion: among them having appeared in the documentary "Decline of Western Civilization," on the TV series "Saturday Night Live," and being partied with John F. Kennedy and lived.

The band commanded "brilliant" salaries: \$1,250 per show at the Goleta Valley Community Center, slightly over half the gate. Lead singer Lee Ving was greeted with a barrage of catcalls as he strolled out on stage. He immediately launched into a monologue about the various elements of the audience one by one. "How many of you are students," he asked, "existing millions of your parents' dollars by learning to sing?" Then he and Philo Manaster began their two-hour thrash-attack. Unlike



any punk bands, all the members of Fear play in the band with each other and usually know how to play their instruments. And they play them with an electrifying power. Drummer Stix shatters the air. The rhythm section was polished off by their bassist (not Derf). They started out with "We Have a War," a manic tune for the likes of

sults those who deserve to be insulted. More relevant lyrics cannot be found in any other pop style, and there is no question that it is unsurpassed in musical drive and bravado.

More punk rock is coming this weekend to the center. If you are at all curious about it, go ahead and attend. Visitors are welcome at punk concerts (invaders are not). At any rate, don't die wondering.

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UB40: U.K.'s Best Kept Secret

By HUGH HAGGERTY

One of the U.K. music scene's best kept secrets these days is UB40. In much the same way bands like the Clash and the Stray Cats didn't reach the mainstream U.S. audience until they had a couple of import albums under their belt, it shouldn't be too long before UB40 gets signed by a domestic label. The band is no mystery to reggae fans in this country, but the UB40 brand of reggae is so good that it deserves much more attention than it's getting. Their third album, *UB4* while not as innovative as the first two, is quite magnanimous.

It was not until very recently that reggae grew out of its cult persona. It conspicuously entered the pop music scene when bands like the Rolling Stones and Blondie did tunes like "Send it To Me" and "The Tide Is High," respectively, and reggae started appearing as back-up music for suntan lotion commercials.

While this music might be called reggae, its not real

reggae. Reggae is chiefly the brainchild of Bob Marley and the original Wailers, Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer. Combining ska with the beat of the heart, the Wailers not only made great dance music and a medium for love songs, they also developed a medium for social commentary. Themes of oppression, exploitation, and the "movement of Jah people" could be heard in their music as early as the mid-sixties. While the U.K. and other countries embrace all types of "message" music, the U.S. pop charts remain oblivious and ultimately banal. And so, UB40 suffers the same fate in this country as U.K. bands like Steel Pulse, the Stranglers, the Jam and the English Beat: regardless of how good or danceable the music is, the majority of U.S. music-lovers don't want to hear about someone else's problems or all the social injustices around. ("Hey dude, let's party!")

UB40 got their name from England's unemployment benefit form 7/40, as evidenced by the cover on their first

album, *Signing Off*, which shows the actual form. With this album, they dedicated their efforts to social injustice with songs like "Madam Medusa," about a certain M. Thatcher, and "Burden of Shame," about life as a citizen under an imperialist government. Recognizing that too much criticism can be annoying, all their albums include a few harmless but nevertheless great reggae tunes.

The second album, *Present Arms*, is a milestone. UB40 brought reggae percussion and synthesized percussion to new heights as well as an updated use of the saxophone for carrying ingenious melodic lines. UB40's lead guitarist, Robin Campbell, established himself as one of the best in the reggae genre, not limiting himself to the scratch-style guitar common to all reggae. With great anthems like the title track, "One in Ten," and "Lambs Bread," *Present Arms* achieved the distinction of coming out in a dub style version also.

UB40 breaks more new ground with their latest album,

UB4. I believe they are the first to have an actual hologram on the cover. The hologram depicts the letters "UB" as a great stone monument, suggesting they want to be considered as having already reached dinosaur status in England and that they are here to stay. The production on *UB4* is much heavier than the previous albums, with lots of added reverb and echo effects. The expansion of the horn section to include a trombone and a trumpet gives a fuller sound, reminiscent of Bob Marley's later work.

Compared to *Present Arms*, the percussion on *UB4* leaves a lot to be desired, but my complaints stop there. The songs "So Here I Am" and "The Prisoner" are alluring fusions of funk and reggae. Songs like these show UB40 at their best. The instruments and the vocals all play at different paces but are expertly layered to produce amazing harmonious effects.

"I Won't Close My Eyes" (to the sufferer's plight; I won't turn off my light) epitomizes UB40's dedication to the underdogs of the world. The song is roots reggae with a thick bass line and heavy syncopation. A potential single for the U.S. is "Love Is All (Is Alright)." Already a smash in England, it's got the sweet harmonies and hook-ful melodies that

(Please turn to pg. 11A, col. 1)

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Bonnie Hayes' Good Clean Fun

By JANE MUSSER

At her best, Bonnie Hayes, of Bonnie Hayes and the Wild Combo appearing in the UCen Catalyst (The Pub) Saturday, offers a tone-down of the extremes that characterize many female-headed pop/rock groups — the giddy silliness of the Go-Go's, the nasty sarcasm of Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders, the desperate gloom of Martha Davis of the Motels. Hayes can be silly, or sarcastic, or gloomy, but never to the extent or with the consistency of the others. Extremes, as annoying as they can sometimes be, are what give groups character, distinctive style, a sense of daring uniqueness. This lack of a distinct character is precisely what is wrong with Hayes' first album, *Good Clean Fun*.

Fun isn't a bad album at all. In fact, half of the 10 songs deliver exactly what the album title promises. The three opening cuts are the best of the bunch. "Girls Like Me" opens with "They've got a name for girls like me/They've got a name, you don't want to use it/It's all the same for girls like me/It's all or nothing for girls like me." The opening lyrics sound almost wistful, but backed by a strong and happy pop beat and followed by lyrics suggesting anything but wistfulness, the song is, in fact, Hayes' celebration of girls like her. Being one gives her freedom: "I'm gonna jump/I'm gonna shout/I'm gonna make it with the mad boys/Shake it with the bad boy scouts."

"Shelley's Boyfriend," the first song off the album to receive airplay, was written

by Hayes for her younger sister, telling Shelley not to let her creepy boyfriend get the best of her, because she is better than that. The song sounds like the classic '60s girl groups, with vocal overlays and plenty of "yeah, yeah"s and "sha, sha, sha-sha, sha"s. But the message is one of female independence rather than the standard theme of

I guess you wanna separate/But maybe I don't/Oh I guess you're gonna talk about it/But maybe I won't/oh baby, baby/I don't wanna to fight with you/I am on fire/Anyone will do/separating/separating/separating."

"Coverage" is a torchy song with such a great piano melody that it doesn't matter that Hayes' lyrics

backseat" — and she picks the guys up, rather than leaving them behind, explaining, "I like it in the backseat."

The rest of the songs have few distinguishing features, and listening to all 10 becomes monotonous. The only thing that saves even the worst of the cuts is the music. Though Hayes frequently lacks in the lyrics department, her sense of pop rhythms is great, and her extensive use of the piano and electric keyboards is fantastic.

With her musical sense, and her inconsistent but often funny and pointed lyrics, Bonnie Hayes' first album shows promise. Hopefully she'll be willing to take a few more chances, go to a few more extremes in the future, and advance from simply consistently danceable music to consistently clever songs.



dependence: "Shelly, look, you got a boyfriend/Don't let your boyfriend put you down/Shelly, you know, he's just a boy/Keep looking 'til you're found." The feminist tone is what has gotten the most publicity, but the concerned older and wiser sister tone is, if less trendy, more touching: "Girls will be girls/and boys will be girlfriends/you go around the world/Shelly, me and you will see/it is not all that they lead us to believe it would be."

"Separating" is a break-up song that is much more danceable than cryable: "Oh

are kind of silly. And the last of the good songs, "Joyride," is a tough version of the Beach Boys' classic and silly "Fun, Fun, Fun." The Beach Boys' heroine "stole her daddy's keys/And she drove to the hamburger stand." Hayes' heroine "got the car/she gonna take a joyride/If you wanna sit shotgun/you gotta take it all in stride." In the Beach Boys' version, the woman "drives like an ace," leading "all the guys on a wild goose chase." Hayes' driver, however, is a little crazier on the road — "when she takes the wheel/you better take a



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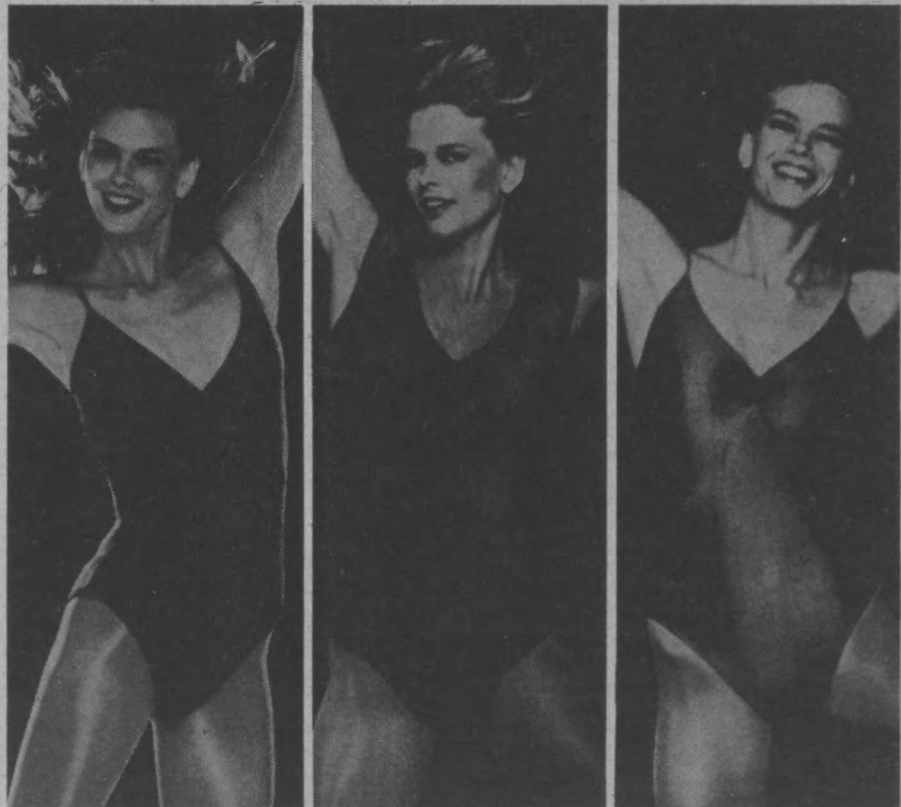
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Eventualities

Among Women, a book by Louise Bernidow, will be discussed at the Women's Center today at 3 p.m. The discussion facilitators will be Eloise Hay and Jodi Patterson of the English Department. Attendees should be familiar with the book. For more information, call 961-3778.

Making Your Way in the Art World will be the topic of a discussion at the Women's Center today at noon.

Ain't Misbehavin' will be at the Arlington Theater tonight and tomorrow at 8 p.m. The Tony-winning musical features music by Fats Waller. For ticket information, call 965-5181.

Carousel, a musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein, opens at the Ojai Art Center Theater on Friday, Oct. 29 at 8 p.m.

For ticket information, call 646-0117. The show runs through Nov. 27.

HARRY, the New York-based modern dance company, will present works by choreographer Senta Driver Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The company will also present a free lecture/demonstration Friday afternoon at 4 p.m. The show is sponsored by Arts & Lectures. For ticket information, call 961-3535.

Pianist Jim Mohan will be featured in a free senior recital on Saturday, Oct. 30 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. The program will include works by Scarlatti, Mozart, Prokofiev, Liszt and Schubert.

Soundstair, an instrument which translates people's movements into sound, will be installed Oct. 27 through 31 on the front steps of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art by Boston artist Christopher Janney. The steps will be programmed for sound during the museum's normal visiting hours, Tuesday-Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Sunday, noon to 5 p.m.

The El Paseo restaurant in Santa Barbara will be transformed into a haunted house of madness and hysteria for a Halloween party on Saturday, Oct. 30, beginning at 8:30 p.m. Live rock and roll will be provided by B.J. Franklin. Tickets are \$12 and are available at the Lobero Box Office or at the door. The restaurant is located at 813 Anacapa St. You must be 21 or over to attend.

The Ritz, a fast-paced farce with singing and dancing, runs through Oct. 30 at the Victoria Street Theater.

The Candidate, starring Robert Redford, will be shown Sunday, Oct. 31, in Campbell Hall at 7:30 p.m. as part of the Politics in Film series presented by Arts & Lectures. For more information, call 961-3535.

Members of the Mu Phi Epsilon Chapter at UCSB will give a free recital Sunday, Oct. 31 at 4 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. The program will feature works by Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, and Peter Racine Fricker.

The Elephant Man continues at Santa Barbara City College's Garvin Theater through Oct. 30. For ticket information, call 963-0761

Etchings, Engravings & Woodcuts, from the collection of the University Art Museum, will be on display at the College of Creative Studies Gallery. The show opens Nov. 1 and runs through Nov. 23. Gallery hours are Monday-Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

New Work: Gary H. Brown will be on display at the Art-Life Gallery, 419-B State St. The show includes drawings, prints and sketchbooks by Brown, a UCSB professor. The show runs through Nov. 20. Gallery hours are Tuesday-Sunday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. For more information, call the gallery, 962-4456.

Of Mice and Men will have its final performances tonight, Friday, and Saturday at 8 p.m. at the Old Alcehama Theater, 914 Santa Barbara St. For ticket information, call 962-8606.

An Evening with Quentin Crisp will be presented Tuesday, Nov. 2 at 8 p.m. in Lotte Lehmann Concert Hall. Crisp, a writer, artist and model, is one of the great stylists of our time, and was a homosexual when it was not merely unfashionable, but criminal. The free lecture is sponsored by Arts & Lectures.

A world-class, 100-piece orchestra from Seoul, Korea will present a benefit concert for the Santa Barbara Symphony on Tuesday, Nov. 2 at 8 p.m. in the Arlington Theater. Tickets are available at the Ticket Bureau, 965-5181.

Santa Barbara: The Creation of a New Spain in America, an exhibition celebrating the city's bicentennial year, will open at the University Art Museum on Wednesday, Nov. 3. The exhibition will illustrate Santa Barbara's history through an ingenious mixture of photographs, a large model and original drawings by architects and planners.

Asmat: Cannibal Craftsmen of New Guinea and Ma Bugi: Trance of the Toradja will be presented Wednesday, Nov. 3 in Fleischmann Auditorium at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are available at the door. The film is sponsored by Friends of Ethnic Arts. For more information, call 961-3127.

The National Theater of the Deaf will perform a new play Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. The show is sponsored by Arts & Lectures. For ticket information, call 961-3535.

The Santa Barbara Jazz Society will present a concert in Campbell Hall on Nov. 4.

An Evening with Edna St. Vincent Millay will be presented by Jenifer Hood at a costume party in three acts at the Impresario, at the end of the Arlington Paseo, on Nov. 6. For more information, call 966-7524.

Mario Feninger, internationally known concert pianist, composer and master teacher, will be presenting a piano recital on Sunday, Nov. 7, at 4 p.m. in Krotona Hall in Ojai. Tickets will be available beginning at 3 p.m. the day of the concert. Seat reservations are recommended, and can be made by calling 646-1139 (days), or 646-7856 (evenings).

On Lies, Secrets, and Silence, a book by Adrienne Rich, will be discussed at the Women's Center Monday, Nov. 8 at 3 p.m. Discussion facilitator will be Sarah Berk, assistant professor of Sociology. Attendees should be familiar with the book. For more information, call 961-3778.

Leonardo, a new play by Paul Jarrico, opens Nov. 11 at the Main Theater. The show, presented by the Department of Dramatic Art, runs through Nov. 20. For ticket information, call 961-3535.

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Symphony

(Continued from pg.3A)

which being full of graduated melodies, vast explosions, and overall instrumental variety, should have been exciting. Here, again, the orchestra suffered from non-distinctive sounds. The only instrument not lost in this symphonic malaise was the harp in the second movement. The foreboding third movement was tedious; the crashing fourth movement was dominated by the over-bearing brass instruments, and it was not until the fifth movement that the strings held together enough that they could almost match the volume of the wind instruments, which were too loud anyway. The climax was lost by being too loud in all the wrong places, and overall, the symphony lacked polish and heart.

At the end of the concert, Collura beckoned the orchestra to its feet, and they took the appropriate bows to the audience's mild response. Audience members had risen to their feet as well, but more to make way for those who were eagerly leaving through the side doors than to express enthusiasm for the performance.

It is a good thing their season lasts until May; Collura and the Santa Barbara Symphony Orchestra have quite a bit of work to do.

UB40

(Continued from 8A)

should allow it to fit right in the Top 40 (40, get it?). The band shows they can be humble superstars in "The Key," a classic tribute to I and I music. "Reggae music is the key to my heart, reggae music is the stuff to my stuff" goes the chorus in the background while there is a rap in the front praising the likes of Jamaican stars like Burning Spear, Culture, the Wailers, Eek a Mouse, Yellowman, Mikey Dread, the Scientist, Tosh, and the famous rhythm team of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, currently playing with Black Uhuru — a great song. Another potential single is "Don't Do the Crime" (if you can't do the time). This one's bouncy and danceable — put it on your next party tape. "Folitician" is a commentary on politicians on the take. This is another bouncy one played against sharp attacks of electronic percussion.

If you like reggae, you'll love UB40. If you don't like reggae, you should check them out or maybe take up fishing. In any case, I hope radio stations start giving them some airplay and I strongly urge the A.S. Program Board to try to book UB40 here on campus for their upcoming U.S. tour. This band deserves more than places like the (defunct) Whiskey in L.A., where they played the last time they were here.

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Waverly Consort

(Continued from pg.3A)

sang served to cap off an evening of excellence with a moment of perfection. Her performance literally left the audience breathless.

The cooperation between vocalist and instrumentalist was finely tuned to present a fantastic unity in the music. The members of the group were consistently calm and very controlled through the show, making use of the

experience they have gathered in their previous 17 seasons. They smiled and bowed politely to the steady applause they received after each section.

Having been a fan of this type of music for some time, I found the concert to be extremely well done in all aspects. The wandering melodies of the pieces performed and the calm orderliness of the presen-

tation made for an entirely pleasant evening.

Tickets for the remaining events of the early and Baroque music series are available at the A&L Ticket Office, 961-3535.



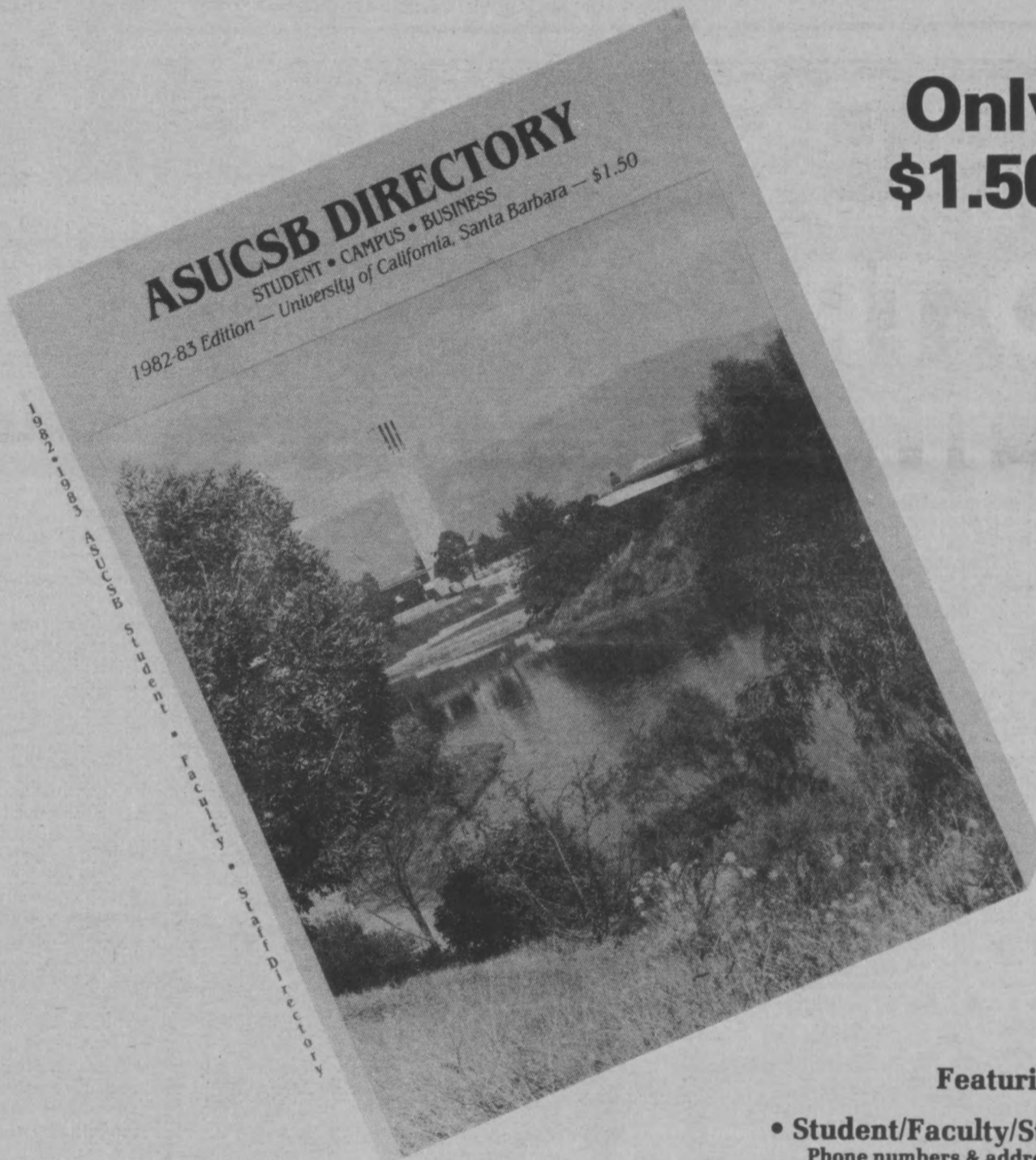
Class of 1984

(Continued from pg.2A)

Society is saved, justice and order is restored. Or is it? Is violence what it takes? As a song by Fear plays broodingly over the last image, we are invited to believe that what we have seen is a bit of reality and a good indication of the shape

of things to come. Right. *Class of 1984* has a couple of moody, disturbing moments, but mostly it is simply another hack work like *Halloween* and *Escape From New York*, filled with gratuitous violence, one-dimensional characters, a weak plot, and insultingly insipid dialogue.

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A.S. PROGRAM BOARD

Editor:
James Watts

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Tubes/Oingo Boingo Tonight!



Good seats are still available today at the A.S. Ticket Office and will go on sale at 6 p.m. at the Rob Gym Ticket Window. Photo courtesy of Alan Kennedy, "Mustang Daily."



UCen Gallery

Unique Art On Display

By Brad Hargrave

I respect those who can walk up to a painting, look at it, maybe gaze a little longer, and securely remark, "Huh?" There is, however, another species of laymen art critic; he who ponders the subject, considers symbolism, grapples with the title; yet who more often than not grasps little more meaning than the first viewer. But, and here's the clincher, this person struggles to cough up some intelligent remark, as equally as ambiguous as the painting itself, in order to stroke that most fragile fortress, the ego. I'm not condemning this type of person; I even confess to

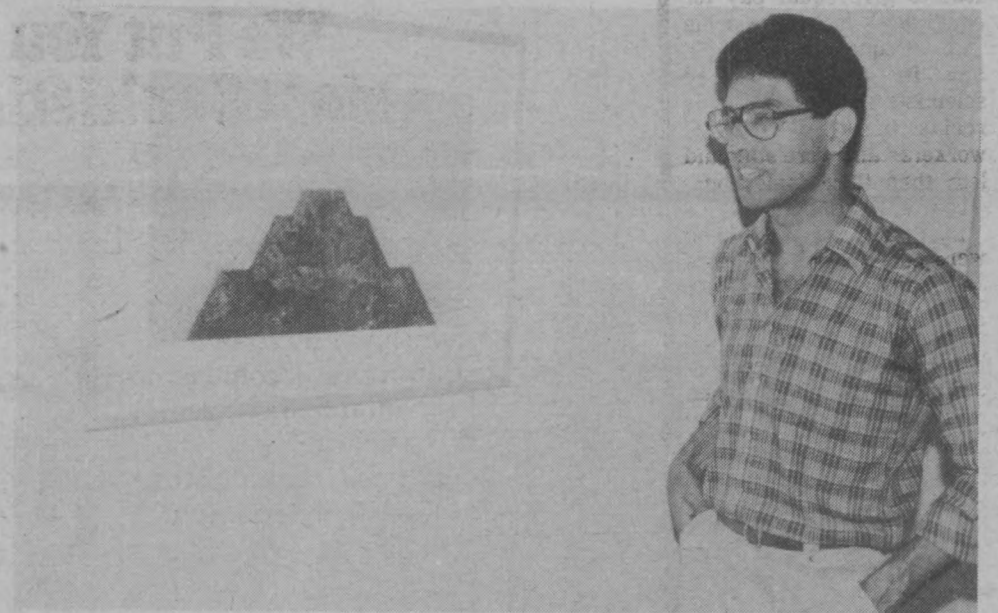
being one of them. He or she might really understand the artist's intended concept. But honestly, with much modern art, the artist's meaning is purposefully clouded or absent, making that picture-perfect understanding almost a thing of the past. Such is the case with the current art show at the UCen Art Gallery.

I'm not assigning fault to artists Lupe Garza and Lee Ahbrahmov. Many of the pieces, particularly Garza's, are accessible. Nevertheless, obstacles towards understanding do exist. Garza's work has Spanish titles (my thanks to the little girl who helped me with translation). Ahbrahmov is

very abstract, uses quite a few illusive hieroglyphic-like symbols, and prefers enigmatic titles to clear ones.

I was able to determine that both artists focus on religion; Garza obviously and resolutely. His fascination with Western Catholicism, particularly when juxtaposed with indigenous Aztec culture (as in "Conquista") is thought provoking. The green nude "Jade" is also intriguing. Perhaps the word's meaning as temptress or mix reflects Catholic judgment on pagan custom.

Overall it's a good show. See it for yourself and formulate your own opinions.



Artist Lupe Garza discusses his work during last week's opening in the UCen Gallery. Photo by Kevin Margulies.



Bonnie Hayes and the Wild Combo will be appearing Saturday, Oct. 30 at 8 p.m. Admission is \$5.50 for students and \$6.50 general.

Kodak Photo Seminar

Attention all students interested in photography! The Kodak Photo Seminar is coming to the University of California at Santa Barbara as part of its 1982 College Tour. The seminar, sponsored

and help them get the most out of their cameras and films. The Kodak Photo Seminar covers the fundamentals of photography including light, composition and camera techniques.

on campus by the A.S. Program Board, is an eye-opening three-hour session designed to expand students' knowledge of photography

The seminar, which is led by two of Kodak's expert photographers, will be held on Nov. 3 from 6-9 p.m. in the Pavilion Room of the University Center. Ad-

mission will be \$3 and tickets are available at the A.S. Box Office and at the door. A free roll of film will be given to the first 100 tickets purchased, and a T-shirt will be given to all who attend.

The Kodak Photo Seminar is a must for all students wishing to improve their skills in the art of photography.



Hot local band The 60 Egos will appear along with Bonnie Hayes in the UCen Pub on Saturday, Oct. 30 at 8 p.m.